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THE INTERNAL MAN.

THERE are some well-known and amusing instances of men who, though giving the highest satisfaction to the public in the line of life which they pursue, conceive themselves nevertheless to have been designed by nature for something quite different. We have seen a clever theatrical exhibition by Mr Yates, in which the comic Liston was represented as being convinced that tragedy was properly his forte, and the not less comic Mathews as believing himself to have been only prevented from shining in Romeo by the accident of a weak leg. The late Mr Weekes, known in provincial theatres as a good performer of low Irish characters, and whose figure, face, and manner, all alike precluded the idea of his even attempting any serious line in the drama, used to avow his conviction—and never did he say any thing more irresistibly ludicrous—that he was by the turn of his mind fitted for high tragic parts. To judge from his own account, fat and fortune alone had made him a comedian. He would withdraw to a little distance, assume an attitude, put on a look, and speak a few grave lines, by way of proving his assertion, but only, of course, with the effect of more thoroughly convincing the beholder that tragedy and he could never have agreed. Yet there could be no reasonable doubt that he thought as he spoke, and that, all the time he elicited shouts of laughter as a bog-trotter with buskins composed of straw-ropes, he regarded himself as one who ought to have been exciting pity and wonder as Brutus or Hamlet.

It has been observed of several other men remarkable for their power of raising comic ideas, that they were themselves essentially melancholy. The story of Carlini—who, after maddening Paris with fun, took an excursion to raise his spirits, in the course of which, consulting a physician for his melancholy, he was recommended to go and see himself—is well known. Burns, who could, both by his conversation and verse, excite mirth beyond most men, was from his early boyhood habitually melancholy. It resided in his constitution. It has been said of Grimaldi, that he was a dull, heavy-looking man off the stage. In his life by Mr Dickens, he is only allowed to have been a feeling and timid man; but even these peculiarities are considerably different from what might have been expected of one of the greatest exciters of laughter who ever lived. It is said of Mr Liston that he used to be in the habit of sitting up, after his mirth-stirring performances, to read Young's Night Thoughts. Mr Hood has been spoken of as a melancholy man; but this is probably an exaggeration. He is only, perhaps, quiet and somewhat reserved, with a grave look. Such is also the external demeanour of another of the most remarkable comic writers of the present age, the author of the Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick. Miss Kelly, off the stage, had a strong expression of melancholy in her countenance. In a Liverpool periodical publication, a few years ago, a very witty lady of that neighbourhood was said to have died, in an asylum, in a state of melancholy madness; and a living man, who could make one's sides ache at any time with his comic songs, was described as of so grave a face that he obtained universally the nickname of Mr Dismal. There is great probability that Shakspeare, whose comic is certainly as strong as his tragic genius, and whose active period of life was wholly devoted to the entertainment of his fellow-creatures, was in his private moments a melancholy man. This impression is forcibly conveyed by his sonnets, which are full of bewailings, not only respecting an apparently hopeless passion, but respecting his fortune, station, and whole course of life. He speaks of his nature being *almost* subdued to *what it works in*, "like the dyer's hand," thus plainly intimating his conviction that that which he *did* and *seemed* before the world was not the thing which his nature designed him to *do* and *be*, but something, merely, which external circumstances pressed upon him.

We also sometimes find a wonderful discrepancy between the professional pursuits or public character of a man, and the tastes which he indulges in private. Judging from experience, it seems quite impossible, from a man's public character, to predicate what he occupies his mind with in his leisure moments. Some of the most drudging, commonplace-minded men (to appearance) will be found in private indulging in some taste, such as for pictures or the belles lettres, arguing the existence of a totally different character beneath the surface. A merchant noted for the keenness with which he follows every means of money-making, and the closeness with which in general he holds his gains, will be found to have a warm interest in missions, or the slavery-abolition cause, or some other thing which we might suppose none but a man of enlarged and active sympathies would care for. Look at that other man! He is a hardened Edinburgh writer to the signet—a being apparently composed altogether of conveyancing, multiplepoindings, and wadsets. You might meet him fifty times on business, and you would never dream that he had a single idea beyond things of the same nature with those you have been conversing upon. Yet that man is the moving-spring and leader of a society for promoting kindness to animals! A friend of ours, who belongs to one of the legal bodies of our Scottish capital, observing that a particular brother of the society had many books sent home to him from the library, was curious enough to inquire of what nature these books were. His curiosity was the greater, that the gentleman in question appeared to him an unusually steady and plodding man—one, apparently, who had not a single thought for any thing but his business. What was his surprise to find that this individual read nothing but the Greek and Roman classics, and was privately known to a few persons to be profoundly and critically acquainted with them! When one drops into a public office, he is apt to be greatly impressed by the mechanical regularity of the scene. The officials look like pieces of clockwork set to do certain duties, and it is scarcely possible to force the mind to regard them as men animated by ordinary passions. Yet there is perhaps not one of all these stiff, formal-looking beings, who does not indulge in some curious out-of-the-way taste or hobby in his private and ex-officio character. One is perhaps the very Yorick of some amazingly funny tavern club. Possibly that dull-looking man at a back desk, if rigidly cross-examined, would be found to be the identical F. R. or T. S. who signs as secretary the advertisements of the meetings of the ODD FELLOWS. There is now, in a public office in Edinburgh, an elderly gentleman, who, from any thing that could be seen about him at his desk, would merely pass as a steady demure officer, who had grown from a boy in the chronicling of certain dry details, and was content to think of nothing else. Yet this gentleman is a most profound student of the etymologies of European and eastern languages, and has written little tracts on obscure texts which have attracted the attention of English bishops. One of our gas companies has an official whose duty is that of an examiner of metres, and who executes his appointed functions with care and propriety; yet this common-place looking personage, who seemingly is only knowing in the comparative lustre of jets, argands, and batwings, is one of our most skilful cultivators of flowers, and possesses an almost unrivalled collection of ranunculuses and tulips: professionally he moves amidst gas pipes; interiorly he enjoys the delights of an exquisite flower garden. Not long ago, in one of the public offices, there was a still more curious example of a man of two occupations. He was employed, and had been employed all his days, at some labouring business connected with the establishment, and which he had to perform in a half-subterranean room down stairs. There he moiled from year's end to year's end, to all appearance a quiet, willing, and contented slave, without a single notion in his head beyond his unvarying range of duties. This man, however, was in his secret mind devoted to sport. He had always a little wiry terrier to trot behind him—at least his friends always thought it one terrier; but in reality, we believe, it was a long succession of wiry little terriers, melted from similarity into the image of one. With this he would sometimes have a summer evening's amusement among the mole-hills about Bearford's Parks or Canonmills. He generally had one or two cocks feeding in some of the bye-corners of the cellarage, designing to show them off in proper time in some obscure pit where the scattered remnant of cock-fighters still continue occasionally to snatch a fearful joy. We have heard that a solemn *Board*, sitting up stairs, were astonished one day, in the course of their deliberations, to hear a repeated crowing below them, somewhat like that which warns away the ghost of the buried majesty of Denmark; a mystery which they were quite unable to solve at the time, and which many of them no doubt regard to this day as one of those singular things which can scarcely be ascribed to natural causes. Our friend, moreover, rarely wanted a kite or gled, which he was contented to keep in his subterranean dwelling at a vast expense of collops, without ever putting the creature to its proper use in sport. In fact, it might be said that he had scarcely any of the ordinary enjoyment of the animals he kept: he only found, perhaps, that it was worth all the trouble and expense, merely to have those creatures about him which are commonly used in the sports of men more fortunately circumstanced. They at least enabled him to live in association with the *idea* of those doings, in the reality of which he would have delighted to mingle.

Every one must be familiar with similar instances of men who were privately and within themselves something different from what they commonly appeared. Thomas Britton, the musical small-coal-man, was an example that made a considerable figure in London at the beginning of the last century. Externally and by day a retailer of coal, crying his wares about the streets, he was *within* a man of refined musical genius, round whose humble fireside the most elegant people of the time were contented to gather in the evening, in order to join in his concerts, or to hear them. A few years ago, there was a butcher in the Edinburgh market who spent his whole spare time in reading books of a profoundly philosophical character. Hobbes, Hutcheson, Stewart, and Brown, were his constant companions, and *Bacon* was alike familiar to him in all senses of the word. At the same time, the magistrates of Dundee had a servant, wearing their livery, who was by many degrees the most learned man in the town. Thirty years ago, James Alexander, an old man, who stood as a porter in Calton Street in Edinburgh, would have been found, if traced to his lowly home in a back street, pursuing experiments in electricity with a tolerable variety of self-made machinery. To go from a humble

to an exalted instance, we have Walter Scott's own confession that he conceived himself to be naturally a soldier. With regard to his children's tutor, Mr Thomson, he used to say, "Lameness, in his case, *as in mine*, spoiled an excellent life-guardsman." A high military spirit runs through all his writings, and shows how germane that profession and all its associations were to him, all the time that he *practised* life as a man of the pen. Men baulked, as he was, of being what their inclinations lead them to, generally endeavour to make their sons what they in vain wished to be themselves. Such was his case. It is a fine feeling, but not always productive of good effects. Many a man has been sent into a learned profession, not because of his natural qualifications for it, but because his father looked back to a painful time when he would have fain devoted himself to study, but was impelled by stern fortune to enter upon some grosser drudgery.

Variances that appear almost unaccountable, are sometimes found in the characters of men. A person, noted, if for any thing, for a certain cool effrontery which ordinary men would have vainly attempted to rival, once confessed to a friend, who has reported to us the story, how sadly he was troubled with bashfulness. Nor let this be smiled at incredulously. It is highly probable that the self-confident part of the man's nature had all the time to keep up a struggle with some element of sensitiveness and modesty, which he felt to be in the highest degree distressing. Again, we have heard of a clever active farmer, who, while universally respected as a first-rate practical agriculturist, a man of large means and liberal understanding, was accessible to no flattery on these accounts; but if you only told him that you had heard of his possessing a wonderful power of squeaking like a pig, and was extremely anxious to hear him try it, he would blush and hesitate, like a young lady asked to sing, disclaim all merit, say it was great nonsense, and, finally, after a sufficiency of pressing, he would exhibit as a pig, evidently believing that, if fortune had played him fair, he would have astonished the whole world by this art, instead of only being a respectable farmer.

These things seem to show that many, if not most men, have an interior self considerably different from that which appears before the world—something finer or meaner than the outer self, but always something very different—something which may be more genuinely the manifestation of the real character than the other, or which, so far from being that, may only be a kind of fancy character, which is entertained as one would keep a dress in which to appear at a masquerade.

When we see a man attain distinction in a particular walk, but nevertheless think himself designed for an opposite one, to which he appears to have no true vocation, it would be rash to say that he is under a delusion. The frequent existence of deep melancholy in those who appear votaries of Momus—a fact of which there can be no doubt—should make us cautious in denying that opposite intellectual powers may also exist. Perhaps the alleged power may be there, but be only marred by some little accident. The late Dr Thomas Brown was much laughed at for his anxiety to prove himself a poet; but though his poems are not poetical, many parts of his philosophical writings are full of the finest poetry of feeling, showing that the power was certainly there, as he supposed, whatever it might be which gave a cold air to his verse. So may it have been the strange visage of Mr Liston which disabled him from exhibiting the tragic power which he believed himself to possess.

On the other hand, it seems very likely that, in many instances, though there may be some trace of the supposed qualifications or inclinations, the individual attaches too much importance to them, and only dreams of another self. We are all naturally fond of going temporarily out of ourselves: it seems the principle concerned in much of our love of fiction, and also in the passion which many unhappily have for intoxicating beverages. Acting is natural to man, and acting before one's self is the most prevalent of all kinds of theatricals. Probably, in many cases, it is from this tendency, and with a very slight ground in truth, that individuals convince themselves that their tastes and powers suited them for things so different from those amidst which they live. A youth may feel it as a great hardship to "engross;" but, if he can persuade himself that nature intended him, instead of attending to that drudgery, to "pen a stanza," it must be very agreeable to his self-love, and tend greatly to alleviate the hardships of the desk. Merely in losing for a little time the sense of immediate realities, and in imagining ourselves something else, there is certainly the experience of new and unwonted sensation. Other faculties are called into exercise, and are found to give fresh pleasures. If there is a gratification in shifting the position of a limb, well may there be pleasure in going out of mental sensations which are common, into those which are the reverse.

At the same time, if we consider that the occurrence of a man of peculiar genius, and his falling into a suitable career, are, the one entirely, and the other almost entirely, a matter of accident, we cannot doubt that serious misapplication of minds frequently takes place. And to think of a man who feels incessant promptings within himself to some objects suitable to the greater and finer of his natural qualities, but is obliged by stern necessity to still them all in his bosom, and devote himself to some sordid pursuits which only call for those meaner qualities which he possesses in common with all men, seems to us one of the most affecting considerations that we can entertain respecting a fellow creature. Such a man lives on and on, and finally sees himself grow old and approach the end of his career, without ever having once the pleasure of acting according to the main dictates of his nature. Hope may have cheered the early part of his life, and to none could that comforter be more needful; but in the end he must feel as if he had been cheated out of every thing—cheated out of himself. In the consideration of misapplied minds, the frequency of the occurrence, and how pitiable it is, a generous mind must see a powerful reason, in addition to others, for hesitating before thinking meanly of any man on account of the humble functions which it is his lot to exercise. There is a class of religionists in the east who will strike no animal, from a belief that possibly the soul of some late endeared relative of their own may now occupy its body; just so, when we feel disposed to contemn the lowly duties of any man, we might do well to consider that possibly faculties are there which might, under advantageous circumstances, have ruled "listening senates," or "waked to ecstacy the living lyre."

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.—THIRD ARTICLE.

It is scarcely necessary to call to the reader's remembrance, that various maladies were formerly pointed out as capable of producing spectral illusions, by their effects on the brain and nervous system. In some cases, it was stated that the brain is directly diseased; in other cases, that the perceptions made by that organ are only indirectly deranged, by sympathy with some bodily malady. Madness, for example, having its origin in diseased cerebral structure, may be attended with spectral illusions; and disorder of the alimentary organs, caused by dissipation, may be an indirect source of them, the senses, and the brain which forms perceptions through their reports, being functionally disordered from sympathy. That a peculiar temperament of body, and, in part, a particular mental constitution, are requisite to give a predisposition to the affection, there can be little doubt. Some mental philosophers go a great way farther. The phrenologists hold that it is chiefly on a particular development of one portion of the brain, which they describe as the seat of the sentiment of Wonder, that the *tendency* to see visions depends. It is observed by them, that this "sentiment, when in a state of extreme exaltation (great development and high excitement), may stimulate the perceptive faculties to perceive objects fitted to gratify it; and that spectres, apparitions, spirits, &c., are the kind of ideas suited to please an inordinate Wonder." They class *pretenders* to supernatural messages and missions, the seers of visions and dreamers of dreams, and workers of miracles, among such patients. Separating the remark just quoted from its reference to the organology of the phrenological science, we may hold it to signify, that the sentiment of wonder, when predominant in an individual's mind, will stimulate those faculties which take cognisance of the forms, colours, sizes, &c., of material existences, to such a pitch of activity, that illusory perceptions of objects, characterised by qualities fitted to gratify wonder, will be formed in the brain.

It is chiefly for the purpose of laying before our readers a sample of the views of the phrenologists on this curious and important subject, that the present paper is added to our series. The following case, contributed sixteen years ago by Mr Simpson to the Phrenological Journal, No. 6, affords an interesting example of the manner in which spectral illusions are accounted for by the strict rules of this new mental science.

"Miss S. L., a young lady under twenty years of age, of good family, well educated, free from any superstitious fears, and in perfect general health of body and soundness of mind, has, nevertheless, been for some years occasionally troubled, both in the night and in the day, with visions of persons and inanimate objects, in numerous modes and forms. She was early subject to such illusions occasionally, and the first she remembers was that of a *carpet* spread out in the air, which descended near her and vanished away.

After an interval of some years, she began to see human figures in her room as she lay wide awake in bed, even in the daylight of the morning. These figures were *whitish*, or rather *grey* and *transparent*, like *cobweb*, and generally above the *size* of life. At this time she had acute headaches, very singularly confined to one small spot of the head. On being asked to point out the spot, the utmost care being taken not to lead her to the answer, our readers may judge of our feelings as phrenologists, when she touched with her forefinger and thumb each side of the root of the nose, the commencement of the eyebrows, and the spot immediately over the top of the nose, the ascertained seats of the organs of Form, Size, and Individuality! Here, particularly on each side of the root of the nose, she said the sensation could only be compared to that of running sharp knives into the part. The pain increased when she held her head down, and was much relieved by holding her face upwards. Miss S. L., on being asked if the pain was confined to that spot, answered, that 'some time afterwards the pain extended to right and left along the eyebrows, and a little above them, and completely round the eyes, which felt often as if they would have burst from their sockets.' When this happened, her visions were varied precisely as the phrenologist would have anticipated, and she detailed the progress without a single leading question. Weight, Colouring, Order, Number, Locality, all became affected; and let us observe what happened. The whitish, or cobweb spectres, assumed the natural *colour* of the objects, but they continued often to present themselves, though not always, above the *size* of life. She saw a beggar one day out of doors, natural in size and colour, who vanished as she came up to the spot. Colouring, being over-excited, began to occasion its specific and fantastical illusions. Bright spots, like stars on a black ground, filled the room in the dark, and even in daylight; and sudden and sometimes gradual illumination of the room during the night seemed to take place. Innumerable balls of fire seemed one day to pour like a torrent out of one of the rooms of the house down the staircase. On one occasion, the pain between the eyes, and along the lower ridge of the brow, struck her suddenly with great violence—when, *instantly*, the room filled with stars and bright spots. On attempting, on that occasion, to go to bed, she said she was conscious of an *inability to balance herself, as if she had been tipsy;* and she fell, having made repeated efforts to seize the bedpost, which, in the most unaccountable manner, eluded her grasp, *by shifting its place*, and also by presenting her with a *number* of bed-posts instead of one. If the organ of Weight, situated between Size and Colouring, be the organ of the instinct to preserve, and power of preserving equilibrium, it must be the necessary consequence of the derangement of that organ to overset the balance of the person. Over-excited Number we should expect to produce multiplication of objects, and the first experience she had of this illusion was the multiplication of the bedposts, and subsequently of any inanimate object she looked at, that object being in itself real and single; a book, a footstool, a work-box, would increase to twenty, or fifty, sometimes without *order* or arrangement, and at other times piled regularly one above another. Such objects deluded her in another way, by increasing in *size*, as she looked at them, to the most amazing excess—again resuming their natural size—less than which they never seemed to become—and again swelling out. Locality, over-excited, gave her the illusion of objects, which she had been accustomed to regard as fixed, being out of their places; and she thinks, *but is not sure*, that on one occasion a door and window in one apartment seemed to have changed places; but, as she added, she might have been deceived by a mirror. This qualification gave us the more confidence in her accuracy, when, as she did with regard to all her other illusions, she spoke more positively. She had not hitherto observed a great and painful confusion in the visions which visited her, so as to entitle us to infer the derangement of Order. Individuality, Form, Size, Weight, Colouring, Locality, and Number, only seemed hitherto affected.

For nearly two years Miss S. L. was free from her frontal headaches, and—mark the coincidences—untroubled by visions or any other illusive perceptions. Some months ago, however, all her distressing symptoms returned in great aggravation, when she was conscious of a want of health. The pain was more acute than before along the frontal bone, and round and in the eyeballs; and all the organs there situated recommenced their game of illusion. Single figures of absent and deceased friends were terribly real to her, both in the day and the night, sometimes *cobweb*, but generally coloured. She sometimes saw friends on the street, who proved phantoms when she approached to speak to them; and instances occurred where, from not having thus satisfied herself of the illusion, she affirmed to such friends, that she had seen them in certain places, at certain times, when they proved to her the clearest *alibi*. The *confusion* of her spectral forms now distressed her. (Order affected.) The oppression and perplexity was intolerable when figures presented themselves before her in inextricable disorder, and still more when they changed—as with Nicolai—from whole figures to parts of figures, faces, and half-faces, and limbs—sometimes of inordinate size and dreadful deformity. One instance of illusive disorder which she mentioned is curious, and has the farther effect of exhibiting what cannot be put in terms except those of the derangement of the just perception of gravitation or equilibrium. (Weight.) One night, as she sat in her bed-room, and was about to go to bed, a *stream* of spectres, persons' *faces*, and limbs, in the most shocking confusion, seemed to her to pour into her room from the window, in the manner of a cascade! Although the cascade continued apparently in rapid descending motion, there was no accumulation of figures in the room, the supply unaccountably vanishing after having formed the cascade. Colossal figures are her frequent visiters. (Size.)

Real but inanimate objects have assumed to her the *form* of animals; and she has often attempted to lift articles from the ground, which, like the oysters in the pot-house cellar, eluded her grasp.

More recently she has experienced a great aggravation of her alarms; for, like Nicolai, she *hears* to hear

her spectral visiters speak! (the organs of Language and Tune, or Sound, affected) With Mr R. of Hull the spectres always spoke. At first her crowds kept up a buzzing and indescribable *gibbering*, and occasionally joined in a loud and terribly disagreeable *laugh*, which she could only impute to fiends. These unwelcome sounds were generally followed by a rapid and always alarming advance of the figures, which often on those occasions presented very large and fearful faces, with insufferable glaring eyes close to her own. All self-possession then failed her, and the cold sweat of terror stood on her brow. Her single figures of the deceased and absent then began to gibber, and soon more distinctly to address her; but terror has hitherto prevented her from understanding what they said.

More lately still, she has seen distinct visions in *bright brass locks*, as we mentioned was the singular experience of the American gentleman, Mr R.

She went, not very wisely, to see that banquet of demonology, the Freischutz, and of course, for some time afterwards, the *dramatis personæ* of that edifying piece, not excepting his satanic majesty in person, were her nightly visiters. Some particular figures are persevering in their visits to her. A Moor, with a turban, frequently looks over her shoulder, very impertinently, when she uses a mirror.

Of the other illusive perceptions of Miss S. L., we may mention *the sensation of being lifted up*, and of *sinking down* and *falling forward*, with the puzzling perception of objects off their perpendicular; for example, *the room, floor and all, sloping to one side*. (Weight.)

Colours in her work, or otherwise, long looked at, are slow to quit her sight. She has noises in her head, and a sensation of heat all over it; and, last of all, when asked if she ever experienced acute pain elsewhere about the head than in the lower range of the forehead, she answered that three several times she was suddenly affected with such excruciating throbbing pain on the top of the head, that she had almost fainted; and when asked to put her finger on the spot, she put the points of each forefinger precisely on the organ of Wonder, on each side of the coronal surface!—the same points in which the gentleman in London, who was troubled with visions, was affected with pain. The organ of Wonder is large in Miss S. L., as it was in that gentleman."

In the same paper Mr Simpson adduces the singular illusive perceptions suffered occasionally by Mr John Hunter, the great anatomist, several of which are identical with Miss S. L.'s. In the eighteenth and other numbers of the Phrenological Journal, other cases of spectral illusions are mentioned, several with local pain, which are held to corroborate the inferences drawn from that of Miss S. L. But the case of that lady seems to us the most comprehensive on the subject.

In a subsequent paper by Mr Simpson (in No. 7), the most brief and satisfactory explanation of the illusions of the English Opium-Eater is given. The forms and faces that persecuted him in millions (Form diseased)—the expansion of a night into a hundred years (Time)—his insufferable lights and splendours (Colour)—his descent for millions of miles without finding a bottom (Weight or Resistance, giving the feeling of support, diseased)—all described by him with an eloquence that startled the public—are only aggravated illusions, due to his irregularities. It is extremely probable that the intoxicating gas affects the same organs.

A word of advice may now be given, in conclusion, to those who are subject to illusions of a spectral kind. If hysteria, epilepsy, or any well-marked bodily affection, be an accompaniment of these illusions, of course remedial measures should be used which have a reference to these maladies, and the physician is the party to be applied to. If, however, no well-defined bodily ailment exists, a word of counsel may be useful from ourselves. We believe that, in general, spectral illusions are caused by disorders originating in the alimentary system, and that the continued use of stimulating liquors is to be most commonly blamed for the visitation. If the patient is conscious that this is the case, his path to relief lies open before him. The removal of the cause will almost always remove the effect. At the same time, the process of cure may be slow. The imagination becomes morbidly active in such cases, and may maintain the illusions after the digestive system is restored to order. But this will not be the case long, for the morbidity of the imagination does not usually survive, for any length of time, the restoration of the sanity of the body. To effect a cure of the fundamental derangement of the alimentary system, aperient medicines may be used in the first instance, and afterwards tonics—nourishing food, in small quantities, at the outset—and gentle but frequent exercise in the open air. Last but not least, for the cure of the sufferer from spectral illusions, the indulgence in cheerful society is to be recommended. Solitude infallibly nurses the morbidity of the imagination. In some cases, where the system is much weakened, and the indulgence in stimulants has been long continued, it may be advisable only to drop the use of them by degrees. But the habit is broken off at once, for the most part, with safety, as Father Mathew's temperance experiences in Ireland satisfactorily prove. Even in the instances of the most inveterate drunkards, no harm followed from instantaneous abstinence. Therefore, as a *little* too often leads to much in the matter of drinking, those who would break off the practice should not be over indulgent to themselves, through fear of the consequences of change.

If opium have been the cause of the illusions, a *gradual* cessation from its use is advisable; and if the digestive functions have been deranged by it, the same course should be followed as in the case of ardent liquors.

Should the sufferer from spectral illusions be conscious of no error as regards the use of stimulatives or narcotics, some affection of the brain may be suspected, and headaches, as in the case of Miss S. L., will corroborate this suspicion. Local or general bloodletting will prove, in most cases, the best remedy. Leeches or cupping may be tried in the first place, and, if tried ineffectively, the lancet may then be employed.

We do not know that any thing beyond these general hints could here be added with propriety. It may even seem strange that this point should be at all adverted to, in a work which cannot pretend to speak authoritatively on matters involving medical practice; but since the previous papers on spectral illusions appeared, our advice has been requested, and we believe that the hints now given may be beneficially followed. Delicacy, however, should, in no case of the kind, prevent the physician being applied to; and we should be sorry if our remarks should lead any one to neglect that necessary step.

A SEA CHASE.

"Hoist the peak of the mainsail, Jupiter; that rascal is gaining on us fast!" "Ow, massa, de mast be no able to bear more sail; he creak an' bend like a bamboo a'ready." "I can't help it—we must try; 'tis our only chance."

The game was fast becoming desperate. We were flying before a perfect hurricane, and had reluctantly taken in sail after sail, until we were now carrying but a small storm-jib and a half-set mainsail. The Water Lily was as pretty a little schooner, of some sixty tons, as the eye of a sailor would wish to look upon; and though I knew her spars were as fine bits of wood as Bermuda could turn out, yet it was with no little anxiety that I watched the increased yielding of the mainmast to the wind, as the long peak was pointed to the sky, spreading under it a broad white sheet of canvass. But it was our only chance of escape from our pursuer.

A brig of about 200 tons was on our track; her low, black hull, long yards, and gracefully cut canvass, proclaimed her "a clipper," and we had too little reason to doubt that she was a slaver and a pirate. This was the second day she had been evidently in chase of us. She hove in sight off the Isle of Saona, on the windward corner of St Domingo, and had ever since pursued us, as with the full determination to make us her prize. So long as the wind had been moderate, we had pretty well kept our ground, but since the gale had risen to such a height as to force us to take in sail after sail, and had stirred up such a sea that the poor Water Lily could scarce get through, the brig had gained on us rapidly.

As soon as I suspected she was in pursuit of us, I had determined to try rather a dangerous mode of escape, but one which, from its danger, I had hoped would be successful. We had passed the wide bay that closes in to that of St Domingo; and instead of standing out into the open sea to double Cape Mongon, a high bluff point, formed by the range of the Barucco mountains running down to the sea, I had kept the schooner's head close in to the land, determined to try to baffle our pursuer among the shoals and rocks that extend off this point. The schooner, being so much smaller, I thought might safely pass where the brig would be afraid to venture; but, to my great disappointment, I now saw that my calculations were wrong, for we were just coming upon the shoal that stretches from the small island of Beata to the point, and our persevering pursuer still kept straight upon our track. In vain we all gazed to catch the slightest deviation in her course, or the smallest alteration in her sails. Onwards she came, careering before the gale, under fore-top-gallant and top-sails; her fore-sail was half eased up, to allow her jib and staysail to draw, and perhaps to enable the helmsman more truly to shape his course in our wake; and as at this time (1812) the Western Archipelago was infested with pirates, as formidable as savagely cruel, I began to feel an uncomfortable apprehension that my earthly career, with its hopes, its fears, its ambitions, and its disappointments, was fast drawing to a close. The Water Lily mounted four twelve-pound carronades—formidable enough weapons when used at close quarters, and they had on a former occasion proved useful friends in repelling an attempt to take her by boarding when becalmed on this same coast of St Domingo. But our four guns and my crew of ten negroes, even though headed by their sable chief, Master Jupiter, would have proved but a mouthful to the blackguard that was now fast bearing down upon us. Old Jupiter knew this right well; and though he offered a sort of remonstrance at my order, he hastened to see it executed; and that done, he took his stand by the weather-shrouds, holding the peak haulyards, once turned over the belaying pin in his hand, and anxiously watched the motion of the seasoned spar, as it yielded to the heavier pressure of some passing gust, and then stood again stiff and erect, as in mockery of the howling storm. With a dozen such men as Jupiter, I would not have felt much hesitation in attempting to fight off the pirate. He was about six feet two in height, and proportionally stout. Some fifty summers had passed over his head, and I daresay he had been in as many scenes where a man's life depends on his own arm. From a kidnapper of negroes on the coast of Africa, he had passed through the several stages of piracy, chains, and slavery, and was now *first lieutenant* of the Water Lily, in the service of Messrs —— of Jamaica, and spent his time in running the schooner between the islands on mercantile and trading speculations. And as the old grizzly-headed negro now stood, with nothing on but a pair of duck trousers and a checked handkerchief round his head—his muscular chest and tremendous arms scarred and seamed with marks of former broils—you would have imagined him a fit representative of the merciless gang who were in pursuit. Yet Jupiter, whatever he had been, was now an honest and a faithful servant. He loved me like a father; we had been long together, and I had a sincere regard for the faithful old fellow. The only ornament he possessed, I believe, was a long knife, beautifully ornamented in the blade, which was fitted into a silver case, and studded with silver knobs over its shagreen handle. He always wore this knife secured by a silver chain round his neck, and thrust into the waistband of his trousers. There was a mystery connected with it that I could never fathom. The answer I always got was, "Neber mind, massa, old Jupiter hab him secret too; maybe he tell you some day;" and with this answer I was forced to be content.

The brig was by this time within less than a mile of us, and every moment was shortening the distance. The sea was running fearfully high, and the spray flew from the tops of the waves, as they curled before the wind, like a snow drift. Our little schooner seemed but a mere cockle-shell amidst the waters; she was at one moment borne aloft on the crest of some towering wave, that foamed hissing and boiling around her, as it were in utter vexation that we could not fly along with it from our pursuer; and, again, as the mass of water rolled away from under us, we sunk down into the "valley of waters," and for the moment the sail actually flapped in emptiness of wind ere we were again hurled onwards by the next vast billow that swept past, foaming and hissing like its predecessor.

It was truly a wild scene, and, without the additional excitement of a pirate astern, was enough to have created anxiety in the mind of the stoutest-hearted blue-jacket.

Our pursuer was now near enough to try the range of her guns; but, thanks to the rolling of the sea, and consequent unsteadiness of the mark, her shot had as yet passed harmlessly over our heads or fallen short. But this was not to last long. And as we were borne upwards by a huge sea, bang went the gun, and whirr-rr whistled a shot, seemingly close to us. "What think you of that, Jupiter?—the fellow is coming too close." "Tink, massa! me tink some of us lose our grog soon." I thought so too.

We were rapidly closing in with the land, and a high bluff point lay over our lee-bow, on the other side of which I knew the sea took a turn inwards at right angles, forming a fine large bay, where the whole navies of the world might have rode at anchor, sheltered from the gale that was now blowing. Towards this point I kept the schooner's head; and had resolved, should no other chance of escape present itself, of which at present I saw little, to run round under the shelter of the point, and in smooth water wait for the pirate, and endeavour to repel her attack. I mentioned this to my able sub, Master Jupiter, and was glad to find he entirely approved. "Ay, ay, maybe we lick 'em dam rascal after all. Old Jupiter lub more for fight nor be shot dis a way like a runaway nigger." Bang went another gun, whirr flew the ball, and our lee main-shrouds were as cleanly cut through as if a knife had severed them. "Eh—now dat too bad," growled old Jupiter. "Never mind, my lads," I cried; "give another haul on the weather topping-lift; it's a good thing it's not our weather shrouds." "Ay, dat true; noting so bad but be can be worse. Here, Cæsar, Jack, bring a gaaket, and splice dem shroud; quick now, fore anoder shot ketch you."

The brig had now got within a quarter of a mile of us, and I saw that our chase was fast drawing to a close. The headland was close over our lee-bow, and there seemed no alternative but to sell our lives as dearly as

we could, for I scarce dared to hope that we would succeed in beating off the brig. The one gun that had been brought to bear on us still banged away; its shot flying sometimes near, and sometimes at a safe distance from us, and we were still creaking and straining under the canvass we had been able to stretch. Our men were now set to loading the carronades, and arms and ammunition were distributed—old Jupiter impressing upon the negroes, that the least they could expect, if captured, would be chains and a sale to a new master, and the most likely fate they would meet would be walking the plank. The poor fellows were quite willing to fight, from whatever cause it proceeded, and eagerly set about loading their guns. They were so engaged when a shot from the brig struck us just beside the helm, where I was standing, and ploughed up the planks of the deck in a deep furrow, half the length of the vessel, upsetting in its course one of the carronades, and pitching the negroes that were engaged in loading it heads over heels, like so many ninepins. A shower of splinters flew from the deck, and one poor fellow was hit severely; a ragged bit of wood penetrated deep into his thigh. He was taken below, and I felt in the loss of even one man that my chance in the desperate game was lessened.

We could now distinguish the deck of the brig crowded with men; and when I considered the little chance we had in a struggle against such fearful odds, I hesitated for a moment whether it would not be more advisable to run the schooner ashore, and trust to hiding ourselves among the thick bush that skirted the sea. I wavered in my idea of fighting, but we were now close upon the point. "Come, Jupiter, let go the peak haulyard, and then come and stand by the mainsheet; we'll have to jibe her to round that headland, and we must show as little canvass as possible, or we'll carry away our mast." Down came the peak as Jupiter let go the haulyard, and he turned to come aft to stand by the sheet. Bang went the heavy gun from the brig. The report was followed by a sound which I can best express by the word *smash*, and a short groan. Old Jupiter doubled up, and fell forward on his face. I rushed forward to pick him up, and saw that the poor fellow's career was over. A large, ragged, horrible hole appeared about the middle of his back, and the broken handle of the knife, fastened with the chain, protruded from the wound. It was a sickening sight. The negroes crowded around the body, and gazed upon it seemingly horror-struck. We lifted him up, but there was no sign of life; the huge ball had struck him in the pit of the stomach, just on his favourite knife, and had shivered it, forcing the fragments completely through his body. For the moment I was paralysed, and forgot every thing in sincere grief for the loss of my old servant, my faithful friend. But another shot from the brig roused me, as the ball whistled past. "Come, lads, there's no time to cry; but we'll revenge poor Jupiter—we'll fight that devil." "Ay, ay, massa, we'll fight dat debbil," echoed the men. I seized the helm, which had been quitted in the horror of the moment, and cast my eyes round me to see where we were, when—could I believe my sight?—we had opened up the bay, and a large ship stood beating out towards us, under top-gallants and topsails, and bearing at the mizen-peak the union-jack. Hurrah!—it is—it is an English frigate. She had taken refuge from the gale in the bay, and, hearing the firing, was coming out to see what it was. "Run Cæsar, Jack, Sambo, run below and fetch up the English ensign—run, ye rascals." And right willingly they ran to execute my orders. The signal haulyards were rove through the peak of the mainsail, and, as it was hanging against the mast, the cord would not run. The frigate was meeting us like the wind, and came on plunging and dashing through the sea most nobly. It seemed utterly incredible that she could carry so much canvass beating up against such a gale; but though her lee-scuppers were buried in the sea, as she heeled over to the storm, yet she dashed onwards, defying alike the wind and sea. Bang went her gun, and the shot skipped off the top of a wave ahead of us. "No, no, Master Skipper, we can't broach to in such a gale, and with your leave we'll do all we can, which is just to run before it; but we'll show you our colours." And I jumped on the stern-sheets, and extended in my hands the ensign. We were understood, and the frigate continued her course, closing in upon us as if to speak.

It was a glorious sight to see so gallant a vessel straining and tearing through the sea, as if rejoicing in the gale that threatened momentarily to send yards and sails in shivers to leeward. And to us the sight was doubly glorious, for in the presence of that ship we felt that we were saved. Onwards she came. I stood with the speaking-trumpet in my hand, ready to hail her. She was within a hundred yards, still dashing onwards; and I own I began to have some dread lest the vast mass, that came roaring up to us, might crush us into the "yeast of waves." But she was under too perfect command to cause any danger of a collision; just as she seemed to be upon us, her bows fell away, and she passed close under our stern. "Schooner, ahoy!—what brig astern?" roared the hoarse voice of the commander. "Pirates!" I answered. Dash—plunge—hiss—and she swept away past us, leaving a broad, white streak upon the water, to mark for an instant her track.

Her decks were crowded; every haulyard, clue-line, sheet, and down-haul, was manned by a cluster of sailors. Here, then, was the secret of this vessel's ability to carry so much sail in the teeth of such a gale of wind. Had the finger of the anxiously watching sailing-master but moved as a signal, in an instant every stitch of canvass would have been off the masts. This is the secret, and this is the advantage, of men-of-war. They are well and ably manned, and can face danger with the knowledge that they are always prepared to avert it. They may carry sail to the very verge of rashness, for they can shorten it in an instant.

But where was our pursuer? The brig, too, saw the frigate as she came out from behind the point. Her crew had been too long in the habit of avoiding such craft not to know well that now was the time, if ever, when there existed a terrible necessity to try the virtues of their beautiful vessel. At first there seemed some confusion on board the brig, but the captain's course was soon taken; his hope lay in following our plan, and trying to escape the frigate among the rocks and shoals through which we had just passed. The helm was put down, and the graceful brig came round to the wind, on the opposite tack from the frigate, bending over to the increased pressure until her fore yard-arm dipped into the wave. She plunged bows under into the sea, and seemed scarcely able to rise again under the mass of water that rushed over her decks. For an instant I thought she was over, but she struggled on; and though her crew might be seen clinging to the weather bulwarks and shrouds, no hand was stretched, and no order was given, or if given could not be executed, to reduce the canvass which threatened to drive her to the bottom. It was impossible that she could long stand under so much sail—she was literally buried in the sea—and after dragging her yard-arms through the waves for a few minutes, the main top-mast snapped, and top-gallant and top-sail fell over the side. A feeling of something like pity crept over us, as we watched with intense interest the death-struggles of the graceful brig. The piratical crew were forgotten, and we gazed on the beautiful craft as if she had been a thing of life, and was using her own faculties in these superhuman struggles for self-preservation; and when her main top-masts went over, an involuntary expression of regret burst from us all.

That pirate captain was no laggard, however, when there was work to do. He had lost all chance of getting to windward, but another and more desperate chance still remained. In an instant the helm was put up, the yards squared, and the now maimed brig resumed her course before the wind. The fore-sheets were brought home, and the fore-top-sail yard was manned by active hands to run out studding-sail booms. The frigate instantly wore, and the two now ran before the wind, the pirate a little astern, and the frigate gradually closing in upon her. The brig commenced her fire, and poured a broadside amongst the frigate's spars, in the hope that some lucky shot might wound a spar or rend a sail; and either a wound or rent would, with the wind that was blowing, have ensured the snapping of the spar or the splitting of the sail into ribands. Some little damage might have been done, but the frigate seemed not to heed it; she came on as regardless of the discharge as if the guns had contained but blank cartridge. She rapidly neared the brig, and fired a gun to bring her to. It was answered by a second discharge of her broadside, but it was a scattered firing. Confusion and terror began to affect the conscience-stricken crew. This discharge, however, broke the fore-top-gallant yard of the frigate; and the breaking of this spar would have told heavily against her had the chase been prolonged. The latter had, however, now no alternative but to return the fire of the brig; and most fearfully it was returned. Gun after gun blazed from the frigate's starboard broadside, until every cannon was discharged. The iron shower told with fearful effect upon her opponent; several of the poor fellows that were struggling to get out the studding-sail booms, dropped one after another from their hold. The cordage, which had before been tight and trim, now flew wildly and loosely to the gale; the foremast, deprived of its stays and braces, and probably severely wounded, waved unsteady for a few moments before the breeze, then snapped close by the deck, and fell forward with a crash, carrying with it sails, yards, and its whole tracery of cordage; and the poor brig, so shortly before so graceful and so perfect, bounding like an antelope over the waves, and bidding seeming defiance to the storm, now rolled heavily in the trough of the sea—a mere log upon the water.

The chase was over. The Water Lily had been flying on its course, for, having got rid of our pursuer, we did not change it, and we soon lost the frigate and her prize under the horizon. Poor Jupiter was rolled in his hammock, and dropped into the roaring sea in deep regret. Not a word was spoken as he was gently lowered over the side, but many a tear, that would not be repressed, rolled over the sable faces of his men.

Two days brought us to Montego Bay, and, before we departed, I had the pleasure of gratefully acknowledging, to the officers of H.M.S. S——, the signal service they had rendered me. And, if it can be so called, I had the satisfaction of seeing a parcel of the rascally pirates swinging at the frigate's yard-arms. Poor Jupiter's death stopped the channels of my pity for the scoundrels. The poor fellow's words were long remembered by me afterwards—"Some of us may lose our grog soon"—and seemed almost like a prophecy of his own fate.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

TIC DOLOREUX.

THE following letter from a gentleman to another with whom we are intimate, describing how he was relieved from this excruciating disease, seems to us worthy of being made widely known:—

"I have to apologise for my having so long neglected sending you a statement of my case. It is as follows; and if its being made public can in any way subtract from the suffering of those who suffer under that dreadful disease, Tic Doloreux, I shall feel most happy. For nearly two years I suffered the severest torture from Tic Doloreux in the head (left side) and in the left thigh. I believe I may safely say that I tried every known remedy, without any apparent effect. For the last year I never had the slightest cessation of pain, without large doses of laudanum or morphia. For fourteen months I could not lie down in bed. In fact, the torture was so dreadful, that every morning at daylight I was thankful that I was not deprived of reason. I fortunately recollected that a friend of mine had derived great benefit from the use of electricity in a case of chronic rheumatism. This led me to try the new instrument called the 'Electro-Magnetico.' I procured one, and from the first application I felt somewhat easier; and after using it half an hour, I felt inclined to sleep. I continued the use of it for that period, morning and evening, for more than a week, at the end of which time I was perfectly free from pain, and began to enjoy my natural rest. It is now nearly five months since I left off using it, and I am truly thankful to say that I feel as well as ever I did in my life."

We need only add to the above, that the electro-magnetico is an instrument made and sold by philosophical instrument makers, and the application, we believe, consists in allowing a stream of electric fluid to flow from a wire into the part affected, the process giving no pain whatever. Any skilful surgeon could apply the remedy. Tic Doloreux being, in fact, a derangement of the nerves, or, as we may call them, the electric wires of the body, it is quite reasonable to suppose that the disturbance can be rectified by the artificial means now mentioned.

INNKEEPERS AND THEIR GUESTS.

On the 25th of October last, at about two o'clock in the morning, we (or, to speak plainly, one of the editors of the present paper and his wife) arrived at the ****** **** Inn, Newcastle, by the royal mail-coach from York. On entering the house, in which we designed to lodge for the night, we found only one waiter up; and on requesting that he would furnish us with some simple kind of refreshment, he point-blank and pertinaceously refused, alleging as a reason that nothing was left out at his disposal, and that he could offer no accommodation of any kind but a bed, which we might have if we pleased. Two other gentlemen, who arrived with us, met with the same refusal, greatly to their surprise and discontent. This conduct in a house which we had always heard well spoken of, appeared at the time as exceedingly inhospitable; and it was felt the more severely from our having—such had been the rapidity of our journey by railway and coach—tasted no food, a biscuit excepted, since breakfast the previous day. However, as the man kept his point, we were obliged to submit. It did not occur to us next day to challenge the conduct of the landlord of the inn—for of course he was bound by the acts of his servant—as illegal, but on reflecting on the matter afterwards, it appeared more than likely that he had committed a breach of common law in refusing refreshment to the guests who claimed his professional services. Having laid the case before a gentleman skilled in the English law, we find that this idea is correct; that the landlord in question committed such a transgression, and laid himself fairly open not only to the penalties of a legal action, but to the loss of his license. All this we mention, not from any vengeful recollection of the circumstance, which, indeed, we look back upon with jocularity more than any other feeling, but simply as a warning to all innkeepers, and to the keeper of the ****** **** in particular. The following is an extract from the legal opinion which we have obtained on the subject:—

"Judge Blackstone, in his Commentaries on the Laws of England, says* that inns, being intended for the lodging and receipt of travellers, may be indicted, suppressed, and the innkeepers fined, if they refuse to entertain a traveller without a very sufficient cause; and he alludes to the hospitable laws of Norway, which punish, in the severest degree, such innkeepers as refuse to furnish accommodations at a just and reasonable price. The late Lord Chief-Justice Kenyon, also, in pronouncing judgment in the case of Kirkman *versus* Shawcross,† gave it as his opinion that innkeepers are bound by law to receive guests who come to their inns, and are also bound to protect the property of those guests; and that they have no option either to receive or reject guests, nor can they impose unreasonable terms upon them. And an innkeeper continues so liable, notwithstanding he has

* Vol. iv. p. 167. † Term Reports, vol. vi. p. 17.

taken down the sign, provided he continue to carry on the inn as such.* There are, however, some exceptions to this general rule. For example, an innkeeper is not bound to receive a guest, or his horse, when the inn or the stable is so full that it cannot conveniently hold him or it; nor is he liable for not receiving a guest, unless he be tendered a fair remuneration for his accommodation, for he is not bound to give him credit.

It has likewise been held by the judges that the same liability attaches to the innkeeper as regards the reception of the horses of travellers; and that he is bound to receive the horses of those travellers who request it, even though themselves should resort for accommodation elsewhere, unless, as before stated, his stable be already full.

An innkeeper is under the same obligation to receive whatever *goods* his guests bring with them, and is also liable for any loss or damage of such goods, whilst the traveller remains as a guest in the inn with the same. But an innkeeper is not accountable for any injury done to the person of his guest whilst he remains in his house. The innkeeper is responsible for the safe custody of cloaks, coats, hats, or any baggage deposited in the traveller's room or lobby.

In the event of an innkeeper improperly refusing either to receive a traveller as a guest into his house, or to find him victuals or lodging upon his tendering him a reasonable price for the same, or refusing to make good the loss or damage of goods, the most common remedy is an action on the case at the suit of the party aggrieved; but it is said that an innkeeper so offending may also be indicted and fined at the instance of the crown."

It may be added that innkeepers are liable at *all hours* and *all days*, Sundays as well as others, to obey the above legal provisions. Their houses are licensed for the accommodation of the public, and the public are entitled to make every reasonable use of them, on offering a reasonable price. We trust that these explanations may not be without their use, for the guidance of both innkeepers and travellers; and we should think that the latter can have no difficulty, when aided by competent witnesses, to compel attention to their claims. As a word spoken in season, these passing hints on a point of some little importance in our social condition, may perhaps save litigation and obviate the chances of personal inconvenience.

* Burns' Justice, vol. i. p. 101.

BLIND POETS.

In the roll of the great poets of the past, two, who hold the very highest places, were, for an important period of their lives, unpossessed of the power of vision—Homer and Milton. Happily, as has been already remarked of them, these renowned followers of the muses had made good use of their eyes in youth, otherwise it is scarcely possible that they could have left to us the finished pictures of natural scenery and other visible objects of creation which are to be found among their compositions. Homer had reached manhood, and had written a considerable portion of the Iliad, before he was attacked by that disease of the eyes which robbed them of their wonted powers. But the whole of the Odyssey was composed after the occurrence of this great mishap. In the eighth book of that poem, while describing the bard Demodocus, he has evidently taken the opportunity of alluding to his own condition, and he does so in a strain of mingled regret and resignation. Demodocus, he says, was

> "Dear to the Muse, who gave his days to flow
> With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty woe:
> With clouds of darkness quench'd his visual ray,
> But gave him power to raise the lofty lay."

We are not aware that Homer makes any other allusion to his sad defect. His successor, Milton, has referred to the subject more frequently, and the passages containing these references are among the most interesting in his whole works. Milton is stated by most biographers to have permanently lost his sight in 1654, after a progressive and warning decay of several years' duration. But it appears probable, from existing letters dated in the years 1653 and 1654, that the misfortune happened somewhat earlier. A letter of the first of these years describes him as then blind, and Milton, in 1654, speaks as if he had "lived (for some time) in constant darkness day and night." The Paradise Lost was not published till 1667, and we are certain that it was composed when the poet was perfectly blind. His excessive application to his studies caused his loss.

Most readers will remember the exquisitely pathetic passages in which the poet alludes to his blindness.

> "Oh dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
> Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
> Without all hope of day! * * * * *
> But not to me returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn;
> Or sight of vernal bloom or summer rose;
> Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
> But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
> Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
> Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
> Presented with an universal blank."

Scarcely less pathetic is the sonnet in which the poet describes a dream with which he was visited after the death of his second and most beloved wife.

> "Methought I saw my late espoused saint
> Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave;
> Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave;
> Rescued from death, by force, though pale and faint.
> Mine—as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint,
> Purification in the old law did save,
> And such, as yet once more I trust to have
> Full sight of her in heaven without restraint—
> Came vested all in white, pure as her mind;
> Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight,
> Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
> So clear, as in no face with more delight;
> But oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
> I waked, she fled, and *day brought back my night!*"

Previous to the time of Milton, England possessed a sightless poet. This was old Father Gower, who was the contemporary and friend of Chaucer, and flourished at the close of the fourteenth century. Gower became blind in advanced life, and he laments the occurrence, very feelingly, in one of his Latin poems. His vernacular poetry was admired in his day, but is so obsolete in language and style as to be now very difficult of perusal.

Scotland, in the same age, had her "Blind Harry." Henry, "the Minstrel," unlike the preceding poets, was blind at his birth. This being the case, it seems extremely probable that his family were in respectable circumstances, and able to give him the advantages of a good education. No common training must have been required, to give one in his condition the degree of knowledge which his works show him to have possessed. Harry, as far as we know, does not directly allude to the defect with which he was afflicted, in his great poem on the career of Sir William Wallace. But the want of the sense of seeing is made in part apparent in his poetry by the comparative absence of similitudes derived from visible objects. The blind poet refers chiefly in his images to things of which the other senses could take cognisance. As an example, the following description of a wintry scene, modernised in language by the late Lord Buchan, may be given here. The bard says, that cold winter now his

> "aspect shows;
> Frost-bound the globe, while Boreas fiercely blows,
> Sweeping the snow along the rising hills,
> Which every glen and slanting hollow fills;
> Cold grew the beams of the far-distant sun,
> And day was finished ere 'twas well begun."

Here the frost-binding of the earth, the blowing of the wind, the sweeping of the snow along the heights and into hollows, and the coldness of the distant sunbeams, are all of them things sensible to one dispossessed of vision, and which may frequently have been *felt* by Harry, as he wandered over the country, passing from castle to castle to recite his compositions before the nobles and princes of Scotland. Such was the manner in which Blind Harry, like Homer, passed his life.

In the present work, some account was formerly given of the life of Dr Thomas Blacklock, another of the blind bards of Scotland. He was born in 1721, and had the misfortune to lose his eyesight at six months old. As he grew up, he showed a marked taste for literary pursuits, and produced many pieces of considerable merit. We find various allusions to his blindness scattered up and down his poetry, and particularly in one long blank-verse soliloquy, "occasioned (as the author tells us) by his escape from falling into a deep well, where he must have been irrecoverably lost, if a favourite lap-dog had not, by the sound of its feet upon the slight board with which the well was covered, warned him of his danger." We extract from this poem the subjoined lines:—

> "But oh! while others gaze on nature's face,
> The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams,
> Or, with delight ineffable, survey
> The sun, bright image of his parent God;
> The seasons in majestic order round
> This varied globe revolving; young-eyed spring,
> Profuse of life and joy; summer adorn'd
> With keen effulgence, brightening heaven and earth;
> Autumn, replete with nature's various boon,
> To bless the toiling hind; and winter, grand
> With rapid storms, convulsing nature's frame;
> While others view heaven's all-involving arch,
> Bright with unnumbered worlds, and, lost in joy,
> Fair order and utility behold;
> To ME those fair vicissitudes are lost,
> And grace and beauty blotted from my view.
> The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams,
> One horrid blank appear."

Such was the wailing of the poet, in his hour of agitation and alarm; but before he concludes the same piece, he recovers himself, reckons up his counter-advantages and blessings, and finds, on the whole, a large debt of gratitude due to the Disposer alike of good and evil.

Carolan, also, the extraordinary blind poet and musician of Ireland, has been the subject of a detailed notice in this Journal. It is not our purpose, therefore, to go over the particulars of his history in this place; we shall only quote one little piece, which contains an allusion to his blindness. It is a song to "Mable Kelly," one of the sweetly named daughters of his native land, whom Carolan loved to address. The translation is from Miss Brooke's Relics of Irish Poetry.

> "To thee harmonious powers belong,
> That add to verse the charm of song;
> Soft melody with numbers join,
> And make the poet half divine.
> The timid lustre of thine eye
> With nature's purest tints can vie—
> With the sweet blue-bell's azure gem,
> That droops upon its modest stem.
> How blest the bard, oh lovely maid,
> To find thee in thy charms array'd!
> Thy pearly cheek, thy flowing hair,
> Thy neck beyond the cygnet fair
> *Even he whose hapless eye-s no ray*
> *Admit from beauty's cheering day;*
> *Yet, though he cannot see the light,*
> *He feels it warm, and knows it bright.*"

"Every reader of taste and feeling," says the translator of this piece, "must surely be struck with the beauty of the concluding passage. Can any thing be more elegant, or more pathetic, than the manner in which Carolan alludes to his want of sight?"

Edward Rushton, the only other sightless child of song to whom we shall refer on this occasion, was born at Liverpool in the year 1755. He read Anson's Voyages in boyhood, and was so much struck with them, that he resolved to be a sailor. Accordingly, he was bound apprentice to a merchantman, and made several trips to the tropics. While at Dominica, he was attacked with ophthalmia, and lost his sight, in his nineteenth year. He had already shown good natural parts, and his loss of vision perhaps tended to make him more reflective than previously. He began to compose verses, and with no mean ability, as the following very tender and affecting stanzas on his blindness will satisfactorily show:—

ODE TO BLINDNESS.

> "Ah! think if June's delicious rays
> The eye of sorrow can illume,
> Or wild December's beamless days
> Can fling o'er all a transient gloom:
> Ah! think if skies, obscure or bright,
> Can thus depress or cheer the mind—
> Ah! think, mid clouds of utter night,
> What mournful moments wait the blind!
>
> And who shall tell his cause for wo,
> To love the wife he ne'er must see,
> To be a sire, and not to know
> The silent babe that climbs his knee!
> To have his feelings daily torn,
> With pain the passing meal to find;
> To live distress'd and die forlorn,
> Are ills that oft await the blind.
>
> When to the breezy upland led,
> At noon, or blushing eve, or morn,
> He hears the red-breast o'er his head,
> While round him breathes the scented thorn:
> But oh! instead of Nature's face,
> Hills, dales, and woods, and streams combined,
> Instead of tints, and forms, and grace,
> Night's blackest mantle shrouds the blind.
>
> If rosy youth, bereft of sight,
> Midst countless thousands pines unblest,
> As the gay flower withdrawn from light
> Bows to the earth where all must rest:
> Ah! think, when life's declining hours
> To chilling penury are consign'd,
> And pain has palsied all his powers,
> Ah! think, what woes await the blind!"

Edward Rushton was the author of the well-known piece, "Mary le More;" and he also published many larger poems, all of them advocating the rights of humanity. He became noted in Liverpool, where he was long established as a bookseller, for his attachment to the cause of negro emancipation, and other similar questions. He died in 1814, at the age of 58.

THE PIECE OF A HUNDRED SOUS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGENE GUINOT.*

A YOUNG and handsome pair had just returned from the altar, where their destinies were irrevocably united. They were about to start for the country, and they had bidden a temporary farewell to the friends who were present at the ceremony. For a short time, while their equipage was preparing, they found themselves alone.

The newly-wedded husband took one of his bride's hands into his own. "Allow me," said he, "thus to hold your hand, for I dread lest you should quit me. I tremble lest all this should be an illusion. It seems to me that I am the hero of one of those fairy tales which amused my boyhood, and in which, in the hour of happiness, some malignant fairy stept ever in to throw the victim into grief and despair.!"

"Reassure yourself, my dear Frederic," said the lady; "I was yesterday the widow of Sir James Melton, and to-day I am Madame de la Tour, your wife. Banish from your mind the idea of the fairy. This is not a fiction, but a history."

Frederic de la Tour had indeed some reason to suppose that his fortunes were the work of a fairy's wand; for, in the course of one or two short months, by a seemingly inexplicable stroke of fortune, he had been raised to happiness and to wealth beyond his desires. A friendless orphan, twenty-five years old, he had been the holder of a clerkship which brought him a scanty livelihood, when, one day, as he passed along the Rue St Honoré, a rich equipage stopt suddenly before him, and a young and elegant woman called from it to him. "Monsieur, Monsieur," said she. At the same time, on a given signal, the footman leapt down, opened the carriage-door, and invited Frederic to enter. He did so, though with some hesitation and surprise, and the carriage started off at full speed. "I have received your note, sir,"

* The French periodical press is at present very prolific in short tales, such as the above. A few other specimens have from time to time been given in the pages of the Journal. The Editors may here remark that, in two or three instances, where only the idea of the story was taken up, or other extensive alterations made to adapt the story to the taste of a new public, the gentleman who furnished the articles did not deem it necessary to make reference to the original. Had the Editors been aware of this circumstance, they would have recommended an opposite course. In future, when any use whatever is made of the French feuilletons, scrupulous acknowledgment will be made. In the above piece, the translation closely follows the original.

said the lady to M. de la Tour, in a very soft and sweet voice; "and, in spite of your refusal, I hope yet to see you to-morrow evening at my party."

"To see *me*, madame!" cried Frederic.

"Yes, sir, you —— Ah! a thousand pardons," continued she, with an air of confusion, "I see my mistake. Forgive me, sir; you are so like a particular friend of mine! What *can* you think of me? Yet the resemblance is so striking, that it would have deceived any one." Of course, Frederic replied politely to these apologies. Just as they were terminated, the carriage stopt at the door of a splendid mansion, and the young man could do no less than offer his arm to Lady Melton, as the fair stranger announced herself to be. Though English in name, the lady, nevertheless, was evidently of French origin. Her extreme beauty charmed M. de la Tour, and he congratulated himself upon the happy accident which had gained him such an acquaintance. Lady Melton loaded him with civilities, and he received and accepted an invitation for the party spoken of. Invitations to other parties followed; and, to be brief, the young man soon found himself an established visitant at the house of Lady Melton. She, a rich and youthful widow, was encircled by admirers. One by one, however, they disappeared, giving way to the poor clerk, who seemed to engross the lady's whole thoughts. Finally, almost by her own asking, they were betrothed. Frederic used to look sometimes at the little glass which hung in his humble lodging, and wonder to what circumstance he owed his happy fortune. He was not ill-looking, certainly, but he had not the vanity to think his appearance magnificent; and his plain and scanty wardrobe prevented him from giving the credit to his tailor. He used to conclude his meditations by the reflection, that assuredly the lovely widow was fulfilling some unavoidable award of destiny. As for his own feelings, the lady was lovely, young, rich, accomplished, and noted for her sensibility and virtue; could he hesitate?

When the marriage-contract was signed, his astonishment was redoubled, for he found himself, through the lady's love, the virtual possessor of large property, both in England and France. The presence of friends had certified and sanctioned the union, yet, as has been stated, Frederic felt some strange fears, in spite of himself, lest all should prove an illusion, and he grasped his bride's hand, as if to prevent her from being spirited away from his view.

"My dear Frederic," said the lady smilingly, "sit down beside me, and let me say something to you." The young husband obeyed, but still did not quit her hand. She began, "Once on a time" —— Frederic started, and half-seriously exclaimed, "Heavens! it *is* a fairy tale!" "Listen to me, foolish boy," resumed the lady. "There was once a young girl, the daughter of parents well born, and at one time rich, but who had declined sadly in circumstances. Until her fifteenth year, the family lived in Lyons, depending entirely for subsistence upon the labour of her father. Some better hopes sprung up, and induced them then to come to Paris; but it is difficult to stop in the descent down the path of misfortune. For three years the father struggled against poverty, but at last died in an hospital.

The mother soon followed; and the young girl was left alone, the occupant of a garret of which the rent was not paid. If there were any fairy connected with the story, this was the moment for her appearance; but none came. The young girl remained alone, without friends or protectors, harassed by debts which she could not pay, and seeking in vain for some species of employment. She found none. Still it was necessary for her to have food. One day passed, on which she tasted nothing. The night that followed was sleepless. Next day was again passed without food, and the poor girl was forced into the resolution of begging. She covered her head with her mother's veil, the only heritage she had received, and, stooping so as to simulate age, she went out into the streets. When there, she held out her hand. Alas, that hand was white, and youthful, and delicate! She felt the necessity of covering it up in the folds of the veil, as if it had been leprosied. Thus concealed, the poor girl held out the hand to a young woman who passed —one more happy than herself, and asked 'A sou—a single sou to get bread!' The petition was unheeded. An old man passed. The mendicant thought that experience of the distresses of life might have softened one like him, but she was in error. Experience had only hardened, not softened his heart.

The night was cold and rainy, and the hour had come when the night police appeared to keep the streets clear of all mendicants and suspicious characters. At this period, the shrinking girl took courage once more to hold out her hand to a passer-by. It was a young man. He stopped at the silent appeal, and, diving into his pockets, pulled out a piece of money, which he threw to her, being apparently afraid to touch a thing so miserable. Just as he did this, one of the police came to the spot, and, placing his hand on the girl's shoulder, exclaimed, 'Ah, I have caught you, have I!—you are begging. To the office with you! come along!'

The young man here interposed. He took hold hastily of the mendicant, of her whom he had before seemed afraid to touch, and, addressing himself to the policeman, said reprovingly, 'This woman is not a beggar. No, she is—she is one whom I know.' 'But sir,' said the officer —— 'I tell you, that she is an acquaintance of mine,' repeated the young stranger; then turning to the girl, whom he took for an old and feeble woman, he continued, 'Come along, my good dame, and permit me to see you safely to the end of the street.' Giving his arm to the unfortunate girl, he then led her away, saying, 'Here is a piece of a hundred sous. It is all I have—take it, poor woman.'

The crown of a hundred sous passed from *your* hand to *mine* (continued the lady), and as you walked along, supporting my steps, I then, through my veil, distinctly saw your face and figure" ——

"*My* figure!" said Frederic, in amazement.

"Yes, my friend, *your* figure," returned his wife, "it was to me that you gave alms on that night! It was *my* life—my honour, perhaps—that you then saved!"

"You a mendicant—you so young, so beautiful, and now so rich!" cried Frederic.

"Yes, my dearest husband," replied the lady, "I have in my life received alms—once only—and from you; and those alms have decided my fate for life. On the day following that miserable night, an old woman in whom I had inspired some sentiments of pity, enabled me to enter as a sempstress into a respectable house. Cheerfulness returned to me with labour. I had the good fortune to become a favourite with the mistress whom I served, and, indeed, I did my best, by unwearied diligence and care, to merit her favour. She was often visited by people in high life. One day, Sir James Melton, an English gentleman of great property, came to the establishment along with a party of ladies. He noticed me. He returned again. He spoke with my mistress, and learnt that I was of good family—in short, learnt my whole history. The result was, that he sat down by my side one day, and asked me plainly if I would *marry* him.

'Marry you!' cried I, in surprise.

Sir James Melton was a man of sixty, tall, pale, and feeble-looking. In answer to my exclamation of astonishment, he said, 'Yes, I ask if you will be my wife? I am rich, but have no comfort—no happiness. My relatives seem to yearn to see me in the grave. I have ailments which require a degree of kindly care that is not to be bought from servants. I have heard your story, and believe you to be one who will support prosperity as well as you have done adversity. I make my proposal sincerely, and hope that you will agree to it!'

At that time, Frederic," continued the lady, "I *loved you*. I had seen you but once, but that occasion was too memorable for me ever to forget it, and something always insinuated to me that we were destined to pass through life together. At the bottom of my soul, I believed this. Yet every one around me pressed me to accept of the offer made to me, and the thought struck me that I might one day make you wealthy. At length my main objection to Sir James Melton's proposal lay in a disinclination to make myself the instrument of vengeance in Sir James's hands against relatives whom he might dislike without good grounds. The objection, when stated, only increased his anxiety for my consent, and finally, under the impression that it would be, after all, carrying romance the length of folly to reject the advantageous settlement offered to me, I consented to Sir James's proposal.

This part of my story, Frederic, is really like a fairy tale. I, a poor orphan, penniless and friendless, became the wife of one of the richest baronets of England. Dressed in silks, and sparkling with jewels, I could now pass in my carriage through the very streets where, a few months before, I had stood in the rain and darkness—a mendicant!"

"Happy Sir James!" cried M. de la Tour, at this part of the story; "he could prove his love by enriching you!"

"He *was* happy," resumed the lady. "Our marriage, so strangely assorted, proved much more conducive, it is probable, to his comfort, than if he had wedded one with whom all the parade of settlements and pin-money would have been necessary. Never, I believe, did he for an instant repent of our union. I, on my part, conceived myself bound to do my best for the solace of his declining years; and he, on his part, thought it incumbent on him to provide for my future welfare. He died, leaving me a large part of his substance—as much, indeed, as I could prevail upon myself to accept. I was now a widow, and, from the hour in which I became so, I vowed never again to give my hand to man, excepting to him who had succoured me in my hour of distress, and whose remembrance had ever been preserved in the recesses of my heart. But how to discover that man! Ah, unconscious ingrate! to make no endeavour to come in the way of one who sought to love, to enrich you! I knew not your name. In vain I looked for you at balls, assemblies, and theatres. You went not there. Ah, how I longed to meet you!" As the lady spoke, she took from her neck a riband, to which was attached a piece of a hundred sous. "It is the same—the very same which you gave me," said she, presenting it to Frederic; "by pledging it I got credit for a little bread from a neighbour, and I earned enough afterwards in time to permit me to recover it. I vowed never to part with it.

Ah, how happy I was, Frederic, when I saw you in the street! The excuse which I made for stopping you was the first that rose to my mind. But what tremors I felt, even afterwards, lest you should have been already married! In that case you would never have heard aught of this fairy tale, though I would have taken some means or other to serve and enrich you. I would have gone to England, and there passed my days, in regret perhaps, but still in peace. But happily it was to be otherwise. You were single."

Frederic de la Tour was now awakened, as it were, to the full certainty of his happiness. What he could not but before look upon as a sort of freak of fancy in a young and wealthy woman, was now proved to be the result of deep and kindly feeling, most honourable to her who entertained it. The heart of the young husband overflowed with gratitude and affection to the lovely and noble-hearted being who had given herself to him. He was too happy for some time to speak. His wife first broke silence.

"So, Frederic," said she, gaily, "you see that if I am a fairy, it is you who have given me the wand—the talisman—that has effected all!"

GURNEY'S VISIT TO THE WEST INDIES.*

SECOND NOTICE.

A FORTNIGHT ago we presented a brief outline of the early portion of Mr Gurney's tour of benevolence through the West India Islands. His object, as we stated, was to discover the precise condition of the liberated negroes, and to compare the existing and prospective state of things with that of the slave states of North America. Having visited St Christopher's and other islands, he proceeded to Antigua (January 1839), and thence to Dominica, finding in both that things are prosperous, the planters doing well, and the negroes industrious, peaceful, and comfortable. The striking facts seem frequently to have come under his observation, that labour is now cheaper than when it was compulsory, that more produce is got for a given amount of outlay, and that the value of property is rising.

One of the first places he visited in Antigua was the estate of "Gilberts," the property of his friend Nathaniel Gilbert. "Nothing could be more satisfactory than the state of the property. His molasses alone, last year, paid the whole expenses of the estate, including labour; the large produce of sugar, which had met with a high price in the British market, was therefore clear gain. Our friend is too consistent a Christian to manufacture rum. We understood that he received 25,000 dollars as a compensation for his slaves. He assured us that this sum was a mere present put into his pocket—a gratuity on which he had no reasonable claim. Since his land, without the slaves, is at least of the same value as it was with the slaves, before emancipation, and since his profits are increased rather than diminished, this consequence follows of course; but what figures can represent the relief which he experiences in his own emancipation from the trammels of slave-holding! Our friend has fitted up a neat chapel on his estate, in which we held a religious meeting in the evening, with his black peasantry.

Sir Bethel Codrington, an absentee proprietor, whose land borders on 'Gilberts,' is said to be deriving L.20,000 sterling per annum, from his sugar estates in Antigua. Whether this statement is exaggerated or not, I cannot say, but there can be no question that his revenues from this source are large. He was a noted advocate, during the late conflict for freedom in our country, for the continuance of slavery. Circumstances have now proved that emancipation *to him* has been any thing rather than the road to ruin. Nearly the same remark applies to a respectable member of Parliament, whose property in Antigua, during slavery, was in decay—unprofitable, and, by all accounts, almost ruinous. Now it produces an excellent income. I had the pleasure of viewing his cane-fields; they were in fine order, full of pecuniary promise.

A subsequent and somewhat extensive inquiry has led us to the conviction, that on most of the properties of Antigua, and in general throughout the West Indies, one-third only of the slaves were operative. What with childhood, age, infirmity, sickness, *sham* sickness, and other causes, full two-thirds of the negro population might be regarded as dead weight. And, farther, the number of free labourers employed for the same quantity of work, is now decidedly less than this third. We may therefore fairly reckon that the pecuniary saving on many of the estates in Antigua, by the change of slave for free labour, is at least *thirty per cent.* If the interest of money on the investment in slaves is added to the debit amount under slavery, the comparison becomes much more favourable on the side of freedom. Besides this affair of arithmetic, however, there is the general consideration that slavery and waste are twin sisters, whereas freedom is married to economy. Under the generous stimulus of equal liberty, short methods of labour are invented, machinery is introduced, every man, black and white, is thrown upon his own exertions, and into the whole community *co-operation* infuses *wealth*."

After narrating a number of other particulars respecting Antigua, Mr Gurney states that the average amount of sugar raised annually during the last five years of slavery was 12,189 hogsheads; the average raised annually during the first five years of freedom was 13,345 hogsheads; and the amount raised during

* A Winter in the West Indies, by Joseph John Gurney. London: Murray. 1840.

1839 was 22,383, other articles of produce being in proportion. "That," says he, "in the sixth year of freedom, after the fair trial of five years, the exports of sugar from Antigua almost doubled the average of the last five years of slavery, is a fact which precludes the necessity of all other evidence. By what hands was that vast crop raised and realised? By the hands of that lazy and impracticable race (as they have often been described)—the negroes. And under what stimulus has the work been effected? Solely under that of moderate wages."

Friend Gurney occasionally affords us a pleasing glimpse of the desire of the negro population for education: they are most anxious to be instructed; and, indeed, they appear in some places to devote a share of their earnings to the support of schools—a thing that scarcely can be said of the English peasantry. One day, at Dominica, says Mr Gurney, "the people gathered around us, and a woman came forward on behalf of the company, to beg for a school. 'We are hungry for a school,' said she, 'we are tired of waiting for it.' Nor were these idle words; for the people on this and a neighbouring property had agreed to subscribe eight dollars per month in part payment of a teacher. Nothing, indeed, can be more eager than the desire of the negroes of Dominica for education—they seem determined to obtain it; and it is gratifying to know that the efforts now making for the purpose are at once considerable and successful. There are nearly 700 scholars in the four Mico schools, which are ably conducted, and being quite clear of any peculiar religious bias, are acceptable to the whole population." This forms an agreeable piece of information. In Dominica, a majority of the lower house in the legislature is composed of coloured persons, and the same class of persons are now eligible as jurors, both in this and other islands; it becomes absolutely necessary that the people should, by means of instruction, be prepared for performing these functions with propriety.

Another circumstance which fell under Mr Gurney's notice at Dominica deserves to be made widely known. During slavery, it was below the dignity of any free person to labour in the fields; and all who could do so preferred to live in idleness rather than work. The abolition of slavery has removed this detestable plea for living in a state of slothful indulgence. *It is now quite respectable to work*—labour in the fields is not discreditable. This change of sentiment accounts for the comparative abundance of labour in the West Indies: emancipation has brought a host of idlers and those who shammed illness into the labour market; and though, of course, this has reduced the amount of wages to individuals, still such is the demand for hands, that all meet with remunerative employment.

In Antigua and a few other islands, the mode of management, taken all in all, seems to be better than in Jamaica; for in this latter island the practice is far too common of leaving estates to be managed by local attorneys and overseers, the actual proprietors living in England, and caring nothing more about their estates than receiving a certain annual return from them in produce; in other words, there is a deficiency of that moral supervision, which the eye of a master alone can give. In consequence of this or some other defect, a number of the estates present a spectacle of strife and distrust between overseers and labourers—the grand cause of dispute being the exaction of labour for rents of cottages and provision-grounds. In those districts in which rent and wages have been arranged independently of each other, every thing has gone on prosperously.

At the distance of a forenoon's ride from Kingston, among the Port Royal mountains, lies Halberstadt, a coffee plantation, belonging to a coloured gentleman, John Casper Weiss. Mr Gurney visited this coffee-planter, and received from him the following information, which we quote in his own words. "One hundred and seventy slaves, or apprentices, used to be supported on this estate. Now, our friend employs fifty-four free labourers, who work for him four days in the week, taking one day for their provision-grounds and another for market. This is all the labour that he requires, in order to keep up his former extent of cultivation. And willingly did he acknowledge the superior advantage which attends the present system. The saving of expense is obvious.

I understood our friend to allow that the average cost of supporting a slave was L.5 sterling per annum.

170 slaves, at L 5 per annum, is	L.850	0	0
Now, he pays 54 free labourers 4s. 6d. per week, one day's labour being set off against rent, for 50 weeks, two weeks being allowed for holydays,	607	10	0
Saving under freedom,	L.242	10	0"

In the course of another journey, Mr Gurney offers the following useful fact. "'Do you see that excellent new stone wall round the field below us?' said the young physician to me, as we stood at A B's front door, surveying the delightful scenery. 'That wall could scarcely have been built at all under slavery or the apprenticeship; the necessary labour could not then have been hired at less than L.5 currency, or 15 dollars per chain. Under freedom, it cost only from 3½ dollars to 4 dollars per chain—not one-third of the amount. Still more remarkable is the fact, that the whole of it was built under the stimulus of job-work, by an invalid negro, who during slavery had been given up to total inaction.' This was the substance of our conversation; the information was afterwards fully confirmed by the proprietor. Such was the fresh blood infused into the veins of this decrepid person by the genial hand of freedom, that he had been redeemed from absolute uselessness—had executed a noble work—had greatly improved his master's property—and, finally, had realised for himself a handsome sum of money. This single fact is admirably and undeniably illustrative of the principles of the case, and for that purpose is as good as a thousand."

Towards the conclusion of the author's observations on Jamaica, he sums up the state of affairs in a few brief sentences:—"The imports of the island are rapidly increasing; trade improving; the towns thriving; new villages rising in every direction; property much enhanced in value; well-managed estates, productive and profitable; expenses of management diminished; short methods of labour adopted; provisions cultivated on a larger scale than ever; and the people, wherever they are properly treated, industrious, contented, and gradually accumulating wealth. Above all, education is rapidly spreading; the morals of the community improving; crime in many districts disappearing; and Christianity asserting her sway, with vastly augmented force, over the mass of the population. Cease from all attempts to oppose the current of justice and mercy—remove every obstruction to the fair and full working of freedom—and the bud of Jamaica's prosperity, already fragrant and vigorous, will soon burst into a glorious flower."

Having now finished the account of all that had come under his notice in the West Indies, Friend Gurney very properly takes the liberty of contrasting the whole with what he had seen in the slave states of America.

First—In the West Indies, the emancipated negroes are working well and diligently for wages on the estates of their old masters. In Virginia and the Carolinas, about two-thirds of the slave population do nothing, and the workers idle away their time as much as possible. "There are the old, the infirm, the sick, the shammers of sickness, the mothers of young infants, the numerous children, &c. &c. All these belong to the dead weight, and they leave about *one-third* of the black population in actual operation. Now, this operative class has no stimulus to labour, except compulsion—that is, the whip; and people neither *will* nor *can* perform by compulsion an average quantity of *continuous* work. That they should do so, is contrary to the laws of nature—to the constitution, not only of the negro, but of mankind in general. The result is, that many of the cotton and rice planters of Georgia and South Carolina are contenting themselves with half a day's work from their negroes. Their task is finished by twelve, one, or two o'clock; and for the rest of the day they are left to themselves. It appears, then, that the work obtained from a body of three hundred slaves in the southern states, cannot, in many cases, be estimated as more in quantity than the fair day's labour, on wages, of one-sixth of the number, that is, of *fifty freemen*."

Second—It follows, that the cost of slave labour is greater than that of freemen. Three hundred slaves, reckoning men, women, and children, at a value of 500 dollars each, represent a capital of 150,000 dollars, or an interest at 6 per cent. of 9000 dollars. Adding other 9000 dollars for their support, it is found that 300 slaves cost annually 18,000 dollars. Now, reckon the weekly wages of 50 free labourers at 3½ dollars each, we have an annual expense of 5000 dollars. Thus, it will be seen, that American planters are voluntarily paying 18,000 dollars yearly for labour that could be performed for 5000 dollars. Or, to put the comparison in a different form, the Americans incur a vast outlay of capital, in name of value or cost price of negroes, whereas the West Indians allow every negro to be his own owner, and pay him only for his labour. How absurd would it be, were farmers in England obliged to *buy* all the ploughmen they required, and give them food, clothing, and lodging for life into the bargain!—yet the practice of buying black labourers in America, instead of simply hiring them, is a piece of equal absurdity, and, laying all moral considerations aside, is warranted by no principle in commercial policy.

Third—The value of landed property is rapidly rising in the West Indies: in the slave states of America it is falling, and many properties are entirely neglected. This is "forced on the view even of the most superficial observer, who travels through Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. Thousands and tens of thousands of acres, which were once cultivated and productive, have fallen back, under the blight of slave labour, into a wilderness; not, indeed, the wilderness of olden times, which teemed with the luxuriance of nature, but one without fertility and without hope. The properties to which I allude, the appearance of which cannot fail to be familiar to many, were once, doubtless, of considerable value; now (notwithstanding the general rule that land rises in value as a nation rises) they are worth little or nothing. A change for the worse in the appearance of the country is conspicuous enough, even when one passes the line between Pennsylvania and Maryland; but I am told that it is still more striking to the traveller who crosses the river from the state of Ohio into Kentucky. The soil on either side of the magnificent stream being of equal fertility, the *free bank* (it is said) blooms with prosperity, while the *slave bank* presents the evident symptoms of neglect and decay."

Fourth—The comforts and happiness of the free negroes are immeasurably greater than those of the slaves in the southern states. True, some slaveholders, particularly those in easy circumstances, are kind to their human live-stock, the same as a gentleman will be kind to his dogs. But take the whole. Look at the scenes in the slave-market in Charleston. "In the breaking up and disposal of estates, husbands and wives, parents and children, are often sold—irrespectively of each other—each to the highest bidder. With such liabilities at hand, where can be the solid happiness of the slave of North America? A pro-slavery Methodist minister was, one day, questioning a well-educated negro, much respected by his master, and amply supplied with the conveniences of life. 'You have your wife and family about you,' said the minister; 'you have a good house; you and your children are well clad; you sit down, day by day, to a well-provided table; you are even engaged as a preacher to your brethren—why, then, are you anxious to be free? what can you wish for more?' 'Sir,' replied the negro, 'I wish to lay my hand on my heart, and say, My flesh is MY OWN.'"

Fifth—Compare the rapid moral improvement, desire for instruction, increase in the number of marriages, and the disappearance of irregularities, in the West Indies, with the dreadful moral degradation and compulsory ignorance in the southern states of America. "Evil in its root—incurably evil—opposed to the will of an intelligent and benevolent Creator, and deadly in its moral tendency, must be a system which shuts out half or two-thirds of the population of a state from even sipping at the fountain of knowledge—which proclaims to a multitudinous rising generation the stern decree, 'You shall *never* be taught to read the Bible!'

I have now," concludes Mr Gurney, "drawn a contrast between freedom in the West Indies and slavery in North America, on five distinct points—the quantity of labour, the expense of cultivation, the value of real property, the comforts of the negro, and lastly, morals and religion. I have endeavoured to avoid exaggeration in the statement of either side; but who shall deny that the scale preponderates with immense weight and power on the side of freedom! Who can doubt that the American statesman is bound, by every principle of philosophy as well as philanthropy, of policy as well as justice, to desist from the support of slavery, and henceforth to labour in the good old cause of *emancipation*?"

We cannot lay aside the work of this benevolent member of the Society of Friends, without warmly recommending it to the perusal of all who feel interested in the joint cause of negro emancipation and social improvement.

JAMES SMALL, THE IMPROVER OF THE PLOUGH.

On a former occasion we mentioned that there was not perhaps a village of a tolerable size in Scotland which did not boast of its *genius*—a man possessing acquirements superior to his neighbours, and who, simply from the influence of untoward circumstances, is prevented from attaining a wide and well-deserved distinction. Occasionally, however, these geniuses, as they are called by their less skilful neighbours, strike out an idea which, being really valuable, overcomes all obstacles, brings their name into notice, and probably raises them in worldly rank. James Small, the improver of the plough, was a person who in this manner raised himself into notice from a humble and obscure condition of life, and a sketch of his biography, therefore, may be of service to our young readers.

James Small was born at Upsettlington, in the parish of Ladykirk, and county of Berwick, about the year 1740. His father's only profession was that of a farmer. Under his superintendence his son, the late James Small, was instructed in all the various branches of agricultural labour—a knowledge of which he afterwards experienced the advantages.

Young Small was first bound as an apprentice to a country carpenter and ploughmaker, at Hutton, in Berwickshire. He remained in Scotland for some time after his apprenticeship was over; but about the year 1758, he went to England, where he worked with a Mr Robertson at Doncaster, in the making of waggons and other wheel-carriages.

It was in the year 1763 that he settled at Blackadder Mount, in Berwickshire, under the patronage of John Renton, Esq. of Blackadder. He there set up a manufactory of ploughs and other agricultural implements; and as he at the same time occupied a farm of considerable extent, he had an opportunity of trying many experiments, which he might not otherwise have been enabled to attempt. He thereby contrived a device for ascertaining the best shape of the mould-board, by making it of *soft wood*; by means of which it soon appeared where the pressure was the most severe, and where there was the greatest friction.

When he first settled at Blackadder Mount, the old Scotch plough was almost solely in use throughout Berwickshire. It was drawn by a pair of horses, with the addition of four, and sometimes of six oxen; the smallest number was a pair of horses and a pair of oxen, attended by a driver.

He began with trying experiments on his own farm, with ploughs of smaller sizes and of different forms, proving, by a steelyard with a stronger spring than usual, which of them performed the best work with the least force of draught. In devising the improvements which afterwards obtained such celebrity, he seems to have had the old Scotch plough, as respects general shape, chiefly in view; and the merit of his invention consisted in making an instrument which combined the qualities of strength, lightness, and easiness of draught. His exertions were crowned with remarkable success. A plough was constructed and brought into use which astonished all who had formerly used the heavy and clumsy ploughs of the country. With respect to the precise merits of Mr Small's plough, they arise from this, that the sock and the mouldboard are formed according to strict mechanical principles; and that those parts which enter the earth, and cut up the furrow, have that equal tapering, or sharpened wedge-like form, which occasions the least resistance in raising the furrow-slice. The mouldboard, in particular, has that regular curve or twist, which not only lessens friction, in elevating and turning over the furrow-slice, but it also places and leaves that slice in the most proper position for the beneficial effects of the atmosphere and the operations of the harrow. Small has also the sole merit of inventing and modelling the mouldboard, and other parts of the plough, in cast metal, which contributed so much to the speedy extension of that valuable instrument.

It is a striking proof of the excellence of his plough, that many ploughmen in Berwickshire, for their own ease and satisfaction, offered to be at the sole expense of the wood-work, if their masters would supply them with Small's plough, and would defray the other charges of the implement.

Having established his plough in Berwickshire, Small wished to introduce it into Mid-Lothian, where it had met with much opposition; but being confident of the superiority of his invention, he offered to make a comparative trial. In consequence of that challenge, a competition of ploughs took place in a field near Dalkeith, in presence of many gentlemen and farmers from Berwickshire, Mid-Lothian, East-Lothian, &c. A number of ploughs were brought forward; as, the old Scotch plough, several English ploughs, a plough by Mr Hutchison, with an iron wheel, &c.; but Small's was successful—the judges having decided that it did the best work, and was considerably lighter in the draught than any of the others. In consequence of the success of his plough at this public trial, it spread rapidly over all the different counties in Scotland, and has since been adopted in many parts of England, Wales, and Ireland, and in many foreign countries.

It was a rule with James Small, that whatever piece of work he undertook, whether the making of a cart or plough, or any other implement, it should be made complete; and so anxious was he that his implements should give perfect satisfaction, that rather than suffer any insufficient work to be sent from his manufactory, he would break it to pieces, whatever loss he might thereby sustain.

There was nothing, however, by which he was more distinguished than by his zeal to promote useful improvements in the department of agriculture; and for this, it has been stated, "he sacrificed his ease, his health, his strength, and his substance." This enterprising and ingenious man died in the year 1793, about the fifty-third year of his age.

Since the era of Small's improvements, many additional alterations have been made in the construction of ploughs to suit the tillage of particular soils, and also of mossy lands, and of these none are more deserving of commendation than the rid or self-cleansing plough of the Finlaysons—farmers in Ayrshire, who encountered innumerable difficulties in bringing their plough into general operation.

It is remarkable that, notwithstanding all these improvements, ploughs of an old clumsy construction continue in use in many parts of England, greatly to the loss of power. Independently of the injury from this cause, the plan usually followed of yoking horses to ploughs in England is highly objectionable. It is, for instance, customary to yoke four or six horses in a line, one before the other, the line of draught being by a rope or chain, which passes along the sides of the animals to the muzzle of the plough. In passing along, the rope is upheld to a certain extent by each horse, so that the front horses exert a power of draught on those behind them, or, in plain terms, a certain quantity of power is lost. It is proper to state what is the true principle of draught. According to a well-known law in mechanics, power is always most advantageously exerted in a *straight line*. Let the drawing power always proceed in a direct line from the shoulders of the animal to the object of resistance. If there be the slightest misdirection of the line, power is fruitlessly destroyed. With respect to ploughs, the power of each horse should go at once in an even line, sloping from its shoulders to the muzzle of the instrument. When power from several horses requires to be united, yoke a pair abreast, and, if need be, a pair in front; but let the power of each pair go individually to the seat of resistance, or the intervening swingle trees. If the draught of the front horses in any form touches the hind pair in its passage to the plough, power is lost. Attention to these simple principles of mechanical science might save many thousands of pounds annually in England.

MENDICITY IN IRELAND.

As we drove into Drogheda, we entered a crowd, which I can only describe as suggesting the idea of a miraculous advent of rags. It was market day, and the streets were so thronged that you could scarce see the pavement, except under the feet of the horses; and the public square was a sea of tatters. Here, and all over Ireland, I could not but wonder where and how these rent and frittered habiliments had gone through the preparatory stages of tear and wear. There were no degrees—nothing above rags to be seen in coat or petticoat, waistcoat or breeches, cloak or shirt. Even the hats and shoes were in rags; not a whole covering, even of the coarsest material, was to be detected on the thousand backs about us; nothing shabby, nothing threadbare, nothing mended, except here and there a hole in a beggar's coat stuffed with straw. Who can give me the genealogy of Irish rags? Who took the gloss from these coats, once broadcloth? Who wore them? Who tore them? Who sold them to the Jews? (for, by the way, Irish rags are fine rags, seldom frieze or fustian.) How came the tatters of the entire world, in short, to assemble in Ireland?—for if, as it would seem, they have all descended from the backs of gentlemen, the entire world must contribute to maintain the supply. I had been rather surprised at the scarcity of beggars in Belfast; but the beggary of Drogheda came up to the traveller's description. They were of every possible variety. At the first turn the coach made in the town, we were very near running over a blind man, who knelt in the liquid mud in the gutter (the calves of his legs quite covered by the pool, and only his heels appearing above), and held up in his hands the naked and footless stumps of a boy's legs. The child sat in a wooden box, with his back against the man's breast, and ate away, very unconcernedly, at a loaf of bread; while the blind exhibitor turned his face up to the sky, and, waving the stumps slightly from side to side, kept up a vociferation for charity, that was heard above all the turmoil of the market-place. When we stopped to change horses, the entire population, as deep as they could stand—at least with any chance of being heard—held out their hands, and, in every conceivable tone and mode of arresting the attention, implored charity. The sight was awful: old age in shapes so hideous, I should think the most horrible nightmare never had conceived. The rain poured down upon their tangled and uncovered heads, seaming, with its cleansing torrents, faces so hollow, so degraded in expression, and withal so clotted with filth and neglect, that they seemed like features of which the very owners had long lost not only care, but consciousness and remembrance; as if, in the horrors of want and idiotcy, they had anticipated the corrupting apathy of the grave, and abandoned every thing except the hunger which gnawed them into the memory of existence. I thought I should be able to recall many quick witticisms I had heard at Drogheda and elsewhere; but it is a kind of memory that floats away in the cloud of unimportant events occurring in so busy a life as travel: and I remember but one, and that more from the hideousness of the speaker than the excellence of her wit. I thought I had given away all my pence, when this woman, quite the weakest looking and sickliest I had observed, caught my eye. Another dive into my pocket brought forth a sovereign, a shilling, and a penny. "I won't trouble you for the gowld," said she, watching me as I turned over the pieces in my hand; "I don't like the colour of it." I laid my finger on the penny: "Och! that's too black entirely," she cried again; "something *betwane*; now there's a *dilikit* white shillin', *the colour o' your honour's white hand*, plases me more!" I was amused with their efforts, often successful, to penetrate and remove, by some apposite suggestion, any hesitation in the giver's generosity. "I'll change it for your honour, and divide it among 'em," said a cripple to a young man beside me, who had drawn sixpence from his pocket, and held it doubtfully in his hand. The sixpence was thrown into the beggar's hat, who had well foreseen that the giver would not have the courage to falsify a creditable reputation before strangers. I am sorry to add that the "division" was but a figure of speech; and the sixpence was clutched with a flourish of the cripple's crutch, which promised to show fight for the lion's share.—*Willis's Ireland Illustrated.*

THE PEEL FAMILY.

The introduction of calico-printing into Lancashire is ascribed to the Messrs Clayton of Bamberbridge, near Preston, who began the business on a small scale as early as the year 1764. They were followed, and with great vigour, by Mr Robert Peel, the grandfather of the present Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, Bart., late Secretary of State. Mr Peel was originally a yeoman farming his own estate, and lived at Cross, afterwards called Peelfold, near Blackburn. Being of an active and enterprising disposition, he began the manufacture of cotton, and he is mentioned as one of the first persons who tried the carding cylinder. He also took up the printing business; and he made his first experiments secretly in his own house; and the cloth, instead of being calendered, was ironed by a female of the family, the pattern adopted being a parsley leaf. Stimulated by the success of his experiments, he embarked in the printing business with small means and convenience, and shortly after removed to Brookside, a village two miles from Blackburn. Here he carried on the business for some years with the aid of his sons; and by great application, skill, and enterprise, the concern was made eminently prosperous. His eldest son, Robert, afterwards created a baronet, possessed strong talents, which he devoted assiduously to business from an early age, and thus contributed much to the success of the printing, spinning, and manufacturing businesses; and in each of these branches the Peels soon took a lead in Lancashire. They eagerly adopted every improvement suggested by others, and many improvements originated in their own extensive establishments. As the elder Mr Peel had several sons, Robert quitted his father's concern about 1773, and established himself with his uncle, Mr Haworth, and his future father-in-law, Mr William Yates, at Bury, where the cotton-spinning and printing trades were carried on for many years with pre-eminent success, and on a most extensive scale, and are, indeed, continued, though in other hands, to the present day. Mr Peel, the father, with his other sons, and another Mr Yates, established the print-works at Church, and had also large works at Burnley, Salley Abbey, and Foxhillbank, and spinning-mills at Altham, and afterwards at Burton-upon-Trent, in Staffordshire. So widely did these concerns branch out, and so liberally and skilfully were they conducted, that they not only brought immense wealth to the proprietors, but set an example to the whole cotton trade, and trained up many of the most successful printers and manufacturers in Lancashire.—*Baines' History of the Cotton Manufacture.*

ANECDOTE OF A DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

Chance and the stage-coach put me lately in the town of Stirling at nightfall. A few shops were still open, but the streets, in general, were dark and dull, and such as to impress a stranger with a feeling of loneliness. On proceeding to the inn, I learned that I could only obtain a share of a double-bedded room, the Falkirk Tryst having caused an unusual influx of strangers. This was far from pleasant, but, as there was no alternative, I at length stole with as little noise as possible to my moiety of a chamber. Scarcely had I entered, when a sepulchral voice from the other bed said, "Bolt the door!" I did so, but, at the same time, thought the circumstance rather suspicious. Why this precaution? What was to be done that interruption should be dreaded? On creeping underneath the blankets, I in vain attempted to sleep. Sometimes a heavy sonorous snore resounded through the apartment; anon, the heaving of a pair of huge lungs startled my slumbers. Then there was a tossing from one side of the bed to the other—a noise as if the pillows and bolsters had risen in insurrection—and then a yawning and stretching, or low, half-stifled, gurgling sound, as of a person in the last stage of drowning. In sooth, he was a tempestuous sleeper. I listened, and began to reflect on my situation. I was here shut in with an entire stranger—a person whom I had not even seen, and who, for aught I knew, might only be waiting till I had resigned myself to sleep, to get up and empty my pockets, or commit some desperate outrage. All the terrific stories I had ever read of double-bedded rooms, crowded upon my brain. Weariness, however, is seldom long wakeful even in the midst of danger, and my mind at length settled into repose amid visions of midnight robberies and Ludlow assassinations. What length of time elapsed I know not, but I seemed hardly to have fallen asleep when I was awakened by a rustling noise. It was still dark, and I instinctively drew the bed-clothes closer about my head. The noise continued, and edging one eye over the blankets, I saw distinctly a figure of gigantic proportions striding stealthily across the room, and relieved against the uncertain light of the window opposite. It passed, and became invisible in the darkness. I then heard a rummaging among clothes, and anon the creaking of some small instrument upon its hinges. A clasp-knife perhaps! I shuddered. At this moment, however, the stranger having regaled his nostrils with an enormous pinch of snuff, stole back to bed! It would be hard to say which of us enjoyed that pinch of snuff most.—*Scotsman newspaper.*

LITERARY RELIC.

In the library of Mr Rogers, the poet, at his house in St James's Place, London, is the original agreement between Milton and his publisher, Samuel Symons, in 1666, for the copyright of "Paradise Lost." It is written on one page of foolscap, signed by the contracting parties, and witnessed by "John Fisher" and "Benjamin Greene, servant to Mr Milton." The autograph of the great poet, notwithstanding his blindness, is remarkably regular and distinct. This interesting relic, we need hardly say, is carefully preserved by its distinguished owner: it is framed and glazed, and occupies a prominent place on the walls of the classical and hospitable mansion of the Poet of Memory. Mr Rogers, we believe, gave seventy guineas for this relic! For the poem itself Milton received ten pounds, five being paid in advance, and other five at the expiration of two years, when 1300 copies had been sold. For each edition, not exceeding 1500 copies, five pounds were to be paid; but in seven years the poet died, and the widow disposed of all her "right, title, and interest" in the work for an additional sum of seven pounds. Thus the whole copyright of "Paradise Lost" brought to the author and his family seventeen pounds, and the bit of paper on which the agreement was written was sold and eagerly purchased for seventy guineas! Milton was more than fifty years of age, blind, infirm, and solitary, when he began the composition of his great epic. At a similar advanced period of life, Sir Walter Scott, struck with misfortune, entered into an engagement to liquidate, by his literary exertions, a debt of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. Milton rested his long-cherished hopes of lasting fame upon the work thus late begun; Scott staked his character and reputation upon the fulfilment of his vast engagement. Both entered with characteristic ardour upon their tasks, and amidst the pressure of increasing age and infirmity, never lost sight of their anticipated reward. In seven years Milton had completed his divine poem, and held in his hand his passport to immortality. In seven years Scott had paid all but one-sixth of his enormous load of debt. The prize was within view, independence seemed almost in his grasp, but he had overtasked his strength, and disease, soon to be followed by death, came like an armed man, and closed the superhuman struggle. When will the annals of literature record again two such instances of heroic determination, under such adverse circumstances, united to the highest creative genius, and crowned with such marvellous results?—*Inverness Courier.*

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